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Coleridge, Samuel Taylor  
The rime of the ancient  
mariner

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THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

LOCHIEL'S WARNING  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
THOMAS CAMPBELL

*WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES*



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# CONTENTS.

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## COLERIDGE.

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH . . . . .	5
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.	
Introductory Note . . . . .	9
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner . . . . .	12
CHRISTABEL . . . . .	40
KUBLA KHAN . . . . .	63
HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI . . . . .	66
YOUTH AND AGE . . . . .	69
THE KNIGHT'S TOMB . . . . .	71
METRICAL FEET: LESSON FOR A BOY . . . . .	71
SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER . . . . .	72
ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION . . . . .	73

## CAMPBELL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH . . . . .	74
LOCHIEL'S WARNING . . . . .	77
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND . . . . .	81
BATTLE OF THE BALTIC . . . . .	83
HOHENLINDEN . . . . .	86
GLENARA . . . . .	87
EXILE OF ERIN . . . . .	89
LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	91
THE HARPER . . . . .	93
ODE TO WINTER . . . . .	94

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SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL STUDY OF THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER . . . . .	97
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# SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IN his clumsily entitled *Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg*, Wordsworth has these lines, after referring to Hogg and to Walter Scott:—

“Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ; . . .  
The rapt One, of the god-like forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.”

And in his poem, *Resolution and Independence*, though he does not name Coleridge, it is almost certain that he had him in mind when he wrote:—

“My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life’s business were a summer mood;  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;  
But how can he expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?”

When he read the news of Coleridge’s death, Wordsworth’s voice faltered and broke, as he said he was the most wonderful man that he had ever known.

It is always worth while to know what one poet thinks of another, especially if the two have been contemporaries, friends, intimate companions. Wordsworth and Coleridge

were such. Wordsworth was severe, cold, much given to calm judgment; Coleridge was impulsive, erring, warm-hearted: each knew the other as a great poet, but Wordsworth led a correct, diligent life; he was prudent and thrifty, a good housekeeper, a proper husband and father; Coleridge had magnificent plans and dreams; he was indolent, and, falling into the terrible habit of opium, he struggled like a drowning man against the fate which seemed to have overtaken him; he left great works incomplete, scarcely begun, indeed; he married in haste and repented at leisure; he submitted to be helped by his friends, but he gave lavishly of the best he had to his friends, and no one can read his painful biography without seeing that he so impressed himself successively on one after another, as never to want the sympathy and loving help which should carry him over difficulties.

He was born at the vicarage of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, and a schoolmaster, good-hearted, absent-minded and impractical. The poet was one of a large family, and his childhood was that of a precocious and imaginative boy, who read fairy tales and acted out the scenes in them, living much by himself and in the world which he created out of his dreams. When he was nine years old his father died, and the next year Coleridge entered the great public school of Christ's Hospital, where he was a schoolfellow of Charles Lamb. From school he went up to Cambridge, and there he made Wordsworth's acquaintance, but his college life was a broken and not very satisfactory one. Indeed, at one time, for reasons not wholly clear, he broke away and enlisted under an assumed name in a regiment of dragoons. It was an odd jump from the frying-pan into the fire, for he had a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses, as he himself confessed, and he was glad when his concealment was discovered and a way was found for the runaway to return to college.



While still a student he made an excursion with a friend to Oxford, and there he fell in with Robert Southey. It was the restless time of the French Revolution, and these young students and enthusiasts were eager to try some new order of life in some new world. With a few others they concocted a scheme to which they gave the name "Pantisocracy," or the equal rule of all, and proposed to form a community on the banks of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, where two or three hours' labor a day on the part of each would suffice for the community, and then the remaining time could be given to philosophy, poetry and all the arts. Southey was married presently, and Coleridge was thrown much with Mrs. Southey's sister, Sara Fricker, as a result of which, in connection with a disappointment in love in another quarter, he hastily married.

Among his friends at this time in Bristol where the Frickers lived, was Joseph Cottle, a bookseller, who had great faith in Coleridge's literary powers. He undertook the publication of a volume of poems, and by lending and giving money, carried the new couple along for some time. Coleridge at the time of his marriage was twenty-three years old. Southey's marriage, as well, probably, as the return of reason after a short flight, had cooled his ardor for experiments in Utopia, and the pantisocratic scheme faded out. For nearly a score of years, Coleridge and his wife, and the children born to them, led a shifting life; sometimes they were together, sometimes they were separated. Now, Coleridge would make a stay in Germany, now they would be all together with the Wordsworths and Southseys in the Lake Country, but by 1813 the somewhat unhappy connection, unhappy as the union of an irresponsible, dreamy husband with a wife of limited intellectual sympathy, came practically to an end. For three years Coleridge led a dreary life, lecturing, abiding with friends, and struggling against the habit of opium which had fastened itself on him.

In 1816 he put himself under the care of Dr. Gillman, living at Highgate, on the outskirts of London, and there he spent the last sixteen years of his life, cared for by a kind physician, making occasional journeys into other parts of England, and to the Continent, receiving many visitors and continuing to write both prose and verse. His most notable poems, indeed, the three which open this selection, were written in the closing years of the eighteenth century, and Coleridge did not die till July 25, 1834. In that full generation, Coleridge's great contributions were in the form of literary, philosophical, religious and theological writings, but the one spirit which brooded over all was a large imagination, which gave him the power to see more widely and send his plummet deeper than any man of his generation. This it is which makes readers to-day delve in the great mass of his books, his essays and his letters, even though they seem to be for the most part formless and unfinished. They know that they are in the presence of a large, fruitful mind, gifted with great spiritual insight, and though they mourn over the irresolute will, rendered irresolute largely through a physical subjection to an insidious drug, they go to his work as the men of his day went to Coleridge himself to hear him talk, knowing that from his lips they will catch inspiration and new thoughts of God and man.

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IN the winter of 1797-1798 the Coleridges were living at a little village called Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, about forty miles from Bristol, so as to be near Thomas Poole, a rich young tanner who shared Coleridge's democratic views, and was then, and long after, a most liberal friend. In the same neighborhood at Alfoxden were then living Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. The intercourse between the two families was constant. Wordsworth and Coleridge took long country walks, and they were under the strong, sweet influence of Dorothy Wordsworth. In November, 1797, the three set off on a little tour, intending to meet the expenses of their journey by a poem to be composed jointly by the two poets. It is amusing to note that they started on their journey apparently with no engagement, but with full confidence in their ability to write the poem, and then to sell it for £5 to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*. They set out hopefully, but after eight miles the scheme broke down, and Wordsworth's contribution first and last was confined to half a dozen lines, and one or two suggestions.

When first printed, the poem was introduced by the following

### ARGUMENT.

"How a ship having passed the Line, was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical latitude of the great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things

that befell ; and in what manner the Ancyent Mariner came back to his own Country."

The first suggestion to Coleridge appears to have come from a strange dream related to him by a friend, in which appeared a skeleton ship with figures in it. "Much the greatest part of the story," says Wordsworth, "was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested ; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's Voyages a day or two before that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied, was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular, —

"And listen'd like a three years' child :  
The mariner had his will."

These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective

manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog."

In his *Table Talk*, Coleridge meets an objection which was raised in his day more than it is now, when the poem has become established as an English classic. "Mrs. Barbauld once told me," he says, "that she admired *The Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it, — it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question, but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he must kill the aforesaid merchant, because one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son."

The text followed is the latest that came from Coleridge's hand. The many variations in phraseology from the earlier editions are not pointed out, but in the footnotes are given the stanzas dropped in the latest revision. The omissions were in the interest of a directer narrative, and the suppression of minor details.

At the end of the volume there will be found some valuable "Suggestions for Special Study" of *The Ancient Mariner*, prepared by Prof. W. E. Simonds, of Knox College.

# THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

## PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
“By thy long gray beard and glittering  
eye,  
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

An ancient  
Mariner  
meeteth three  
gallants bid-  
den to a wed-  
ding-feast,  
and detaineth  
one.

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened  
wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand ;  
“There was a ship,” quoth he.  
“Hold off! unhand me, gray - beard  
loon ! ”  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years’ child :  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :  
 He cannot choose but hear ;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 10 The bright-eyed Mariner.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

“The ship was cheered, the harbor  
 cleared,

Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the light-house top.

25 “The sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he !  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

“Higher and higher every day,  
 30 Till over the mast at noon — ”  
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she ;  
 35 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music ; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 40 The bright-eyed Mariner.

32. Thomas Poole, the friend who induced Coleridge to take up his residence at Nether Stowey, had been improving the church choir, and added a bassoon. Poole's biographer suggests that this gave Coleridge a hint.

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he  
 Was tyrannous and strong :  
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
 And chased us south along.

The ship  
 drawn by a  
 storm toward  
 the south pole.

45 “ With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
 As who pursued with yell and blow  
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
 And forward bends his head,  
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the  
 blast,  
 50 And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and  
 snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold :  
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald.

55 “ And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
 Did send a dismal sheen :  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —  
 The ice was all between.

The land of  
 ice, and of  
 fearful sounds  
 where no liv-  
 ing thing was  
 to be seen.

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 60 The ice was all around :  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and  
 howled,  
 Like noises in a swound !

“ At length did cross an Albatross,  
 Thorough the fog it came ;  
 65 As if it had been a Christian soul,  
 We hailed it in God’s name.

Till a great  
 sea-bird,  
 called the  
 Albatross,  
 came through  
 the snow-fog,  
 and was re-  
 ceived with  
 great joy and  
 hospitality.



“It ate the food it ne’er had eat,  
 And round and round it flew.  
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
 70 The helmsman steered us through!

“And a good south wind sprung up behind;

The Albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Came to the mariners’ hollo!

And lo! the  
 Albatross  
 proveth a bird  
 of good omen,  
 and followeth  
 the ship as it  
 returned  
 northward  
 through fog  
 and floating  
 ice.

85 “In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
 It perched for vespers nine;  
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke  
 white,  
 Glimmered the white moon-shine.”

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!

90 From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —  
 Why look’st thou so?” — “With my  
 cross-bow

I shot the Albatross!”

The ancient  
 Mariner  
 inhospitably  
 killeth the  
 pious bird of  
 good omen

## PART II.

“The Sun now rose upon the right:  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 85 Still hid in mist, and on the left  
 Went down into the sea.

“And the good south wind still blew behind,

But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play  
 90 Came to the mariners’ hollo!

“And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work ’em woe :  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.

His shipmates  
cry out against  
the ancient  
Mariner, for  
killing the bird  
of good luck.

95 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

“Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist :

But when the  
fog cleared off,  
they justify  
the same, and  
thus make  
themselves ac-  
complices in  
the crime.

Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
100 That brought the fog and mist.

’T was right, said they, such birds to  
slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam  
flew,

The furrow followed free ;

105 We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze  
continues ; the  
ship enters the  
Pacific Ocean,  
and sails north-  
ward, even till  
it reaches the  
Line.

“Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,

The ship hath  
been suddenly  
becalmed.

’T was sad as sad could be ;  
And we did speak only to break

110 The silence of the sea !

“All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,

104 In the former edition the line was, “The fur-  
row streamed off free,” but I had not been long on  
board a ship before I perceived that this was the  
image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from  
another vessel. From the ship itself the *wake* appears  
like a brook flowing off from the stern. S. T. C.

Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

115 “Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

“Water, water, everywhere,  
120 And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

“The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
125 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

“About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
130 Burnt green, and blue and white.

“And some in dreams assurèd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

135 “And every tongue, through utter  
drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantineopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no element without one or more.

“Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks  
 140 Had I from old and young!  
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
 About my neck was hung.

The shipmates,  
 in their sore  
 distress, would  
 fain throw the  
 whole guilt on  
 the ancient  
 Mariner: in  
 sign whereof  
 they hang the  
 dead sea-bird  
 round his  
 neck.

## PART III.

“There passed a weary time. Each throat  
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
 245 A weary time! a weary time!  
 How glazed each weary eye,  
 When looking westward, I beheld  
 A something in the sky.

The ancient  
 Mariner be-  
 holdeth a sign  
 in the ele-  
 ment afar off.

“At first it seemed a little speck,  
 150 And then it seemed a mist;  
 It moved and moved, and took at last  
 A certain shape, I wist.

“A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!  
 And still it neared and neared:  
 155 As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

“With throats unslaked, with black lips  
     baked,  
 We could nor laugh nor wail;  
 Through utter drought all dumb we  
     stood!  
 160 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer  
 approach, it  
 seemeth him  
 to be a ship;  
 and at a dear  
 ransom he  
 freeth his  
 speech from  
 the bonds of  
 thirst.

“With throats unslaked, with black lips  
     baked,  
 Agape they heard me call:

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
 465 And all at once their breath drew in,  
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of  
 joy;

“See! see! (I cried) she tacks no  
 more!

And horror  
 follows. For  
 can it be a *ship*  
 that comes  
 onward with-  
 out wind or  
 tide?

Hither to work us weal, —  
 Without a breeze, without a tide,  
 470 She steadies with upright keel!

“The western wave was all aflame.  
 The day was well nigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright Sun;  
 175 When that strange shape drove sud-  
 denly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

“And straight the Sun was flecked with  
 bars,

It seemeth  
 him but the  
 skeleton of a  
 ship.

(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)

As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
 480 With broad and burning face.

“Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat  
 loud)

How fast she nears and nears!

164. In his *Table Talk* Coleridge says: “I took the thought of ‘grinning for joy’ from my companion's [a college friend] remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me: ‘You grinned like an idiot.’ He had done the same.”

Are those her sails that glance in the  
Sun,  
Like restless gossameres ?

185 "Are those her ribs through which the  
Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate ?  
And is that Woman all her crew ?  
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?  
Is Death that woman's mate ?

And its ribs are  
seen as bars on  
the face of the  
setting Sun.  
The Spectre-  
Woman and  
her Death-  
mate, and no  
other on board  
the skeleton-  
ship.

190 "Her lips were red, her looks were  
free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold :  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel,  
like crew !

195 "The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice ;  
'The game is done ! I've won ! I've  
won !'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and  
Life-in-Death  
have diced for  
the ship's  
crew, and she  
(the latter)  
winneeth the  
ancient  
Mariner.

184. On the margin of the poem in a copy of an  
early edition Coleridge added this stanza after this  
verse : —

"This ship, it was a plankless thing —  
A bare Anatomy !  
A plankless Spectre — and it mov'd  
Like a being of the Sea !  
The woman and a fleshless man  
Therein sate merrily."

198. The following verse is inserted here, in ear-  
lier editions : —

"A gust of wind sterte up behind  
And whistled through his bones ;  
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth,  
Half whistles and half groans."

“The Sun’s rim dips ; the stars rush out :  
 200 At one stride comes the dark ;  
 With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,  
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight  
 within the  
 courts of the  
 Sun.

“We listened and looked sideways up !  
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
 205 My life-blood seemed to sip !  
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
 The steersman’s face by his lamp gleamed  
 white ;  
 From the sails the dew did drip —  
 Till clomb above the eastern bar  
 210 The hornèd Moon, with one bright star  
 Within the nether tip.

At the rising  
 of the Moon.

“One after one, by the star-dogged  
 Moon,  
 Too quick for groan or sigh,  
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
 215 And cursed me with his eye.

One after  
 another,

“Four times fifty living men,  
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
 They dropped down one by one.

His shipmate  
 drop down  
 dead.

220 “The souls did from their bodies fly, —  
 They fled to bliss or woe !

But Life-in-  
 Death begins  
 her work on  
 the ancient  
 Mariner.

210. It is a common superstition among sailors  
 that something evil is about to happen whenever a  
 star dogs the moon. S. T. C.

But no sailor ever saw a star within the nether  
 tip of a horned moon. J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

*sees no purpose in their death like no purpose in his shorts  
of the Albatross,*

## PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!

225 I fear thy skinny hand!

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —

230 "Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!

This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on

235 My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

He despieth the creatures of the calm.

240 "I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.



“I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
 245 But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
 A wicked whisper came, and made  
 My heart as dry as dust.

“I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
 And the balls like pulses beat ;  
 250 For the sky and the sea, and the sea  
 and the sky  
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 And the dead were at my feet.

“The cold sweat melted from their  
 limbs,  
 Nor rot nor reek did they :  
 255 The look with which they looked on  
 me  
 Had never passed away.

But the curse  
 liveth for him  
 in the eye of  
 the dead mer-

“An orphan’s curse would drag to hell  
 A spirit from on high ;  
 But oh ! more horrible than that  
 260 Is a curse in a dead man’s eye !  
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
 curse,  
 And yet I could not die.

“The moving Moon went up the sky,  
 And nowhere did abide :  
 265 Softly she was going up,  
 And a star or two beside —

In his loneli-  
 ness and fixed-  
 ness he yearn-  
 eth towards  
 the journey-  
 ing Moon, and  
 the stars that  
 still sojourn,

yet still move onward ; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

“ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,  
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
 But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,  
 270 The charmèd water burnt alway  
 A still and awful red.

“ Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
 I watched the water-snakes :  
 They moved in tracks of shining white,  
 275 And when they reared, the elfish light  
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

“ Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watched their rich attire :  
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
 280 They coiled and swam ; and every track  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

“ O happy living things ! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare :  
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
 285 And I blessed them unaware ;  
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 And I blessed them unaware.

“ The selfsame moment I could pray :  
 And from my neck so free  
 290 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea.”

By the light of  
 the Moon he  
 beholdeth  
 God’s crea-  
 tures of the  
 great calm.

Their beauty  
 and their hap-  
 piness.

He bleaseth  
 them in his  
 heart.

The spell be-  
 gins to break.

## PART V.

“ Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole !  
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
 295 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
 That slid into my soul.

“ The silly buckets on the deck,  
 That had so long remained,  
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;  
 300 And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of  
 the holy  
 Mother, the  
 ancient Mari-  
 ner is re-  
 freshed with  
 rain.

“ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
 My garments all were dank ;  
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
 And still my body drank.

305 “ I moved, and could not feel my  
 limbs :

I was so light — almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep,  
 And was a blessed ghost.

“ And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
 310 It did not come anear ;  
 But with its sound it shook the sails,  
 That were so thin and sere.

He heareth  
 sounds and  
 seeth strange  
 sights and  
 commotions in  
 the sky and  
 the elements.

“ The upper air burst into life !  
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
 15 To and fro they were hurried about !  
 And to and fro, and in and out,  
 The wan stars danced between.

“And the coming wind did roar more  
loud,

— And the sails did sigh like sedge ;

320 And the rain poured down from one  
black cloud ;

The moon was at its edge.

“The thick black cloud was cleft, and  
still

The moon was at its side :

— Like waters shot from some high crag,

— 325 The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

“The loud wind never reached the ship,

Yet now the ship moved on !

Beneath the lightning and the Moon

330 The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of  
the ship's crew  
are inspired,  
and the ship  
moves on.

“They groaned, they stirred, they all  
uprose,

Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;

It had been strange, even in a dream,

To have seen those dead men rise.

335 “The helmsman steered, the ship moved  
on ;

Yet never a breeze up blew ;

The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,

Where they were wont to do ;

They raised their limbs like lifeless  
tools —

340 We were a ghastly crew.

“The body of my brother’s son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee :  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me.”

345 “I fear thee, ancient Mariner!”

“Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!

‘T was not those souls that fled in  
 pain,

Which to their corses came again,

But a troop of spirits blest :

But not by the  
 souls of the  
 men, nor by  
 demons of  
 earth or mid-  
 dle air, but by  
 a blessed troop  
 of angelic spir-  
 its, sent down  
 by the invoca-  
 tion of the  
 guardian saint.

350 “For when it dawned — they dropped  
 their arms,

And clustered round the mast ;

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their  
 mouths,

And from their bodies passed.

“Around, around, flew each sweet sound,

355 Then darted to the Sun ;

Slowly the sounds came back again,

Now mixed, now one by one.

“Sometimes a-dropping from the sky

I heard the skylark sing ;

360 Sometimes all little birds that are,

How they seemed to fill the sea and  
 air

With their sweet jargoning!

344. In an earlier edition there followed these  
 two lines : —

“And I quak’d to think of my own voice  
 How frightful it would be !”

“ And now ’t was like all instruments,  
 Now like a lonely flute ;  
 365 And now it is an angel’s song,  
 That makes the heavens be mute.

“ It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like of a hidden brook  
 370 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune.

“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
 375 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
 Moved onward from beneath.

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow,  
 The Spirit slid : and it was he  
 380 That made the ship to go.  
 The sails at noon left off their tune,  
 And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome  
 Spirit from the  
 south-pole car-  
 ries on the  
 ship as far as  
 the Line, in  
 obedience to  
 the angelic  
 troop, but still  
 requireth ven-  
 geance.

“ The Sun, right up above the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean :  
 385 But in a minute she ’gan stir,  
 With a short uneasy motion —  
 Backwards and forwards half her  
 length  
 With a short uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 390 She made a sudden bound :

It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

“How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;

395 But ere my living life returned,  
I heard, and in my soul discerned,  
Two voices in the air.

“‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the  
man ?

By him who died on cross,  
400 With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

The Polar Spirit's fellow  
demons, the  
invisible in-  
habitants of  
the element,  
take part in  
his wrong ; and  
two of them  
relate, one to  
the other, that  
penance long  
and heavy for  
the ancient  
Mariner hath  
been accorded  
to the Polar  
Spirit, who  
returneth  
southward.

“‘The Spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
405 Who shot him with his bow.’

392. After this stanza were the following four in  
the first edition, dropped afterward by the poet:—

“Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest !  
‘Marinere ! thou hast thy will :  
For that, which comes out of thine eyes doth make  
My body and soul to be still.’

“Never sadder tale was told  
To a man of woman born :  
Sadder and wiser, thou wedding-guest !  
Thou 'lt rise to-morrow morn.

“Never sadder tale was heard  
By a man of woman born :  
The Mariners all return'd to work  
As silent as before.

“The Mariners all 'gan pull the ropes.  
But look at me they n' old .  
Thought I, I am as thin as air—  
They cannot me behold.”

“ The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey-dew :  
 Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance  
     done,  
 And penance more will do.’ ”

## PART VI.

## FIRST VOICE.

20 “ ‘ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,  
 Thy soft response renewing —  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast ?  
 What is the ocean doing ? ’

## SECOND VOICE.

“ ‘ Still as a slave before his lord,  
 25 The ocean hath no blast ;  
 His great bright eye most silently  
 Up to the Moon is cast —

“ ‘ If he may know which way to go ;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim.  
 30 See, brother, see ! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him.’

## FIRST VOICE.

“ ‘ But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind ? ’

## SECOND VOICE.

“ ‘ The air is cut away before,  
 35 And closes from behind.’

The Mariner  
 hath been cast  
 into a trance ;  
 for the angelic  
 power causeth  
 the vessel to  
 drive north-  
 ward faster  
 than human  
 life could  
 endure.



“Fly, brother, fly! more high, more  
high!

Or we shall be belated:

For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

430 “I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:

’T was night, calm night, the moon was  
high;

The dead men stood together.

The super-  
natural motion  
is retarded;  
the Mariner  
awakes, and  
his penance  
begins anew.

“All stood together on the deck,

435 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:

All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

“The pang, the curse, with which they  
died,

Had never passed away:

440 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

“And now this spell was snapt: once more

I viewed the ocean green,

And looked far forth, yet little saw

445 Of what had else been seen —

The curse is  
finally ex-  
piated.

“Like one, that on a lonesome road

Doth walk in fear and dread,

And having once turned round, walks on,

And turns no more his head;

450 Because he knows, a frightful fiend

Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made :  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
455 In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring —  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

460 “ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too :  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —  
On me alone it blew.

“ Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
465 The light-house top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

And the an-  
cient Mariner  
beholdeth his  
native coun-  
try

“ We drifted o’er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray —  
470 O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

“ The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
475 And the shadow of the Moon.

475. Here in the edition of 1798 followed these  
“ve stanzas : —

“ The moonlight bay was white all o’er,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
Like as of torches came.

“The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock :  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

480 “And the bay was white with silent  
light

Till, rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colors came.

The angelic  
spirits leave  
the dead  
bodies.

“A little distance from the prow  
485 Those crimson shadows were :  
I turned my eyes upon the deck —  
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

“Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood !

490 A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

And appear in  
their own  
forms of light.

“A little distance from the prow  
Those dark-red shadows were ;  
But soon I saw that my own flesh  
Was red as in a glare.

“I turn'd my head in fear and dread,  
And by the holy rood,  
The bodies had advanc'd, and now  
Before the mast they stood.

“They lifted up their stiff right arms,  
They held them strait and tight ;  
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,  
A torch that 's borne upright.  
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on  
In the red and smoky light.

“I pray'd and turn'd my head away  
Forth looking as before.  
There was no breeze upon the bay,  
No wave against the shore.”

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand :  
 It was a heavenly sight !  
 ‘ They stood as signals to the land,  
 435 Each one a lovely light ;

“ This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
 No voice did they impart —  
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart.

500 “ But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
 I heard the Pilot’s cheer ;  
 My head was turned perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear.

“ The Pilot and the Pilot’s boy,  
 505 I heard them coming fast :  
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy  
 The dead men could not blast.

“ I saw a third — I heard his voice :  
 It is the Hermit good !  
 510 He singeth loud his godly hymns  
 That he makes in the wood.  
 He ’ll shrieve my soul, he ’ll wash away  
 — The Albatross’s blood.

503. The following stanza was omitted by Coleridge when revising the poem : —

“ Then vanish’d all the lovely lights ;  
 The bodies rose anew :  
 With silent pace, each to his place,  
 Came back the ghastly crew.  
 The wind, that shade nor motion made,  
 On me alone it blew.”

## PART VII.

“ This Hermit good lives in that wood  
 515 Which slopes down to the sea.  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
 He loves to talk with marineres  
 That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of  
the wood.

“ He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —  
 520 He hath a cushion plump :  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak-stump.

“ The skiff-boat neared : I heard them  
 talk,  
 ‘ Why, this is strange, I trow !  
 525 Where are those lights so many and fair,  
 That signal made but now ? ’

“ ‘ Strange, by my faith ! ’ the Hermit  
 said —  
 And they answered not our cheer !  
 The planks looked warped ! and see those  
 sails,  
 530 How thin they are and sere !  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless perchance it were

Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder.

“ ‘ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
 My forest-brook along ;  
 535 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
 That eats the she-wolf’s young. ’

“ ‘ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish  
look —

(The Pilot made reply)

546 I am a-fear'd ’ — ‘ Push on, push on ! ’  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“ The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred ;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
545 And straight a sound was heard.

“ Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread :  
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;  
The ship went down like lead.

The ship sud-  
denly sinketh.

550 “ Stunned by that loud and dreadful  
sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days  
drowned  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
555 Within the Pilot’s boat.

The ancient  
Mariner is  
saved in the  
Pilot’s boat

“ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

560 “ I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit :  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
 635 Who now doth crazy go,  
 Laughed loud and long, and all the  
     while  
 His eyes went to and fro.  
 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'

670 "And now, all in my own countree,  
 I stood on the firm land!  
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
 And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"  
 675 The Hermit crossed his brow.  
 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say --  
 What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient  
 Mariner ear-  
 nestly entreat-  
 eth the Hermit  
 to shrieve  
 him; and the  
 penance of life  
 falls on him.

"Forthwith this frame of mine was  
     wrenched  
 With a woful agony,  
 680 Which forced me to begin my tale;  
 And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
 That agony returns:  
 And till my ghastly tale is told,  
 685 This heart within me burns.

And ever and  
 anon through  
 out his future  
 life an agony  
 constraineth  
 him to travel  
 from land to  
 land.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;  
 I have strange power of speech;  
 That moment that his face I see,  
 I know the man that must hear me:  
 690 To him my tale I teach.

tells w. G. that  
 he told his story  
 to the Hermit.

“What loud uproar bursts from that  
door!

The wedding-guests are there :  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are :  
395 And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

“O Wedding - Guest! this soul hath  
been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea :  
So lonely 't was, that God himself  
600 Scarce seemèd there to be.

“Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'T is sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company! —

605 “To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

610 “Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach  
by his own  
example love  
and reverence  
to all things  
that God made  
and loveth.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best  
615 All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”



The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

## CHRISTABEL.

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION. 1816.

THE first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year.<sup>1</sup>

It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters:—

<sup>1</sup> But this hope was illusory.

"'Tis mine and it is likewise yours ;  
 But an if this will not do,  
 Let it be mine, dear friend ! for I  
 Am the poorer of the two."

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle ; namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.

## PART I.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
 And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,  
 Tu—whit ! — Tu—whoo !  
 And hark, again ! the crowing cock,  
 • How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
 Hath a toothless mastiff, which  
 From her kennel beneath the rock  
 Maketh answer to the clock,  
 10 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;  
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,  
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;  
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?  
 15 The night is chilly, but not dark.  
 The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
 It covers but not hides the sky.  
 The moon is behind, and at the full ;

And yet she looks both small and dull.

20 The night is chill, the cloud is gray :

'T is a month before the month of May,

And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,

Whom her father loves so well,

25 What makes her in the wood so late,

A furlong from the castle gate ?

She had dreams all yesternight

Of her own betrothèd knight ;

And she in the midnight wood will pray

30 For the weal of her lover that 's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,

The sighs she heaved were soft and low,

And naught was green upon the oak

But moss and rarest mistletoe :

35 She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,

And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,

The lovely lady, Christabel !

It moaned as near, as near can be,

40 But what it is she cannot tell. —

On the other side it seems to be,

Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;

Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?

45 There is not wind enough in the air

To move away the ringlet curl

From the lovely lady's cheek —

There is not wind enough to twirl

The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
60 That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu Maria, shield her well!  
55 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
60 That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandall'd were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
65 The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 't was frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she —  
Beautiful exceedingly!

“Mary mother, save me now!”  
70 (Said Christabel,) “And who art thou?”

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet:—  
“Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness:”  
75 “Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!”  
Said Christabel, “How camest thou here?”  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

- “ My sire is of a noble line,  
80 And my name is Geraldine :  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn.  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
85 The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were white  
And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
90 I have no thought what men they be ;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced iwis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey’s back,  
95 A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :  
He placed me underneath this oak ;  
He swore they would return with haste ;  
Whither they went I cannot tell —  
100 I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she,)  
And help a wretched maid to flee.”

- Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,  
105 And comforted fair Geraldine :  
“ Oh well, bright dame ! may you command  
The service of Sir Leoline ;  
And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth, and friends withal,  
110 To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father’s hall.”

She rose : and forth with steps they passed  
That strove to be, and were not, fast.  
Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
115 And thus spake on sweet Christabel :  
“ All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell ;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awakened be,  
120 But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me.”

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well ;  
125 A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate ;  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
130 And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate :  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

135 So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court : right glad they were.  
And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the lady by her side :  
“ Praise we the Virgin all divine  
140 Who hath rescued thee from thy distress ! ”  
“ Alas, alas ! ” said Geraldine,  
“ I cannot speak for weariness.”  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

145 Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make!  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?  
150 Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:  
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
155 Pass as lightly as you will!  
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying;  
But when the lady passed, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;  
160 And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
And nothing else saw she thereby,  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,  
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.  
"Oh softly tread," said Christabel,  
165 "My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
And jealous of the listening air,  
They steal their way from stair to stair,  
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
170 And now they pass the Baron's room,  
As still as death, with stifled breath!  
And now have reached her chamber door;  
And now doth Geraldine press down  
The rushes of the chamber floor.

175 The moon shines dim in the open air,  
And not a moonbeam enter here.



But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
180 All made out of the carver's brain,  
For a lady's chamber meet :  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet.  
The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;  
185 But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,  
And left it swinging to and fro,  
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
Sank down upon the floor below.

190 " O weary lady, Geraldine.  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !  
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;  
My mother made it of wild flowers."

" And will your mother pity me,  
195 Who am a maiden most forlorn ?"  
Christabel answered — " Woe is me !  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,  
How on her death-bed she did say,  
200 That she should hear the castle-bell  
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.  
O mother dear ! that thou wert here !"  
" I would," said Geraldine, " she were !"

But soon with altered voice, said she —  
205 " Off, wandering mother ! Peak and pine !  
I have power to bid thee flee."  
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?

Why stares she with unsettled eye?  
 Can she the bodiless dead espy?  
 190 And why with hollow voice cries she.  
 "Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —  
 Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
 Off, woman, off! 't is given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,  
 215 And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —  
 "Alas!" said she, this ghastly ride —  
 "Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"  
 The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
 And faintly said, "'t is over now!"

220 Again the wild-flower wine she drank:  
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
 And from the floor whereon she sank,  
 The lofty lady stood upright;  
 She was most beautiful to see,  
 225 Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —  
 "All they, who live in the upper sky,  
 Do love you, holy Christabel!  
 And you love them, and for their sake  
 230 And for the good which me befell,  
 Even I in my degree will try,  
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
 But now unrobe yourself; for I  
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

235 Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"  
 And as the lady bade, did she.  
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe  
240 So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
That vain it were her lids to close :  
So half-way from the bed she rose,  
And on her elbow did recline  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

245 Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,  
And slowly rolled her eyes around ;  
Then drawing in her breath aloud,  
Like one that shuddered, she unbound  
The cincture from beneath her breast :  
250 Her silken robe, and inner vest,  
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,  
Behold ! her bosom and half her side —  
A sight to dream of, not to tell !  
Oh shield her ! shield sweet Christabel !

255 Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs ;  
Ah ! what a stricken look was hers !  
Deep from within she seems half-way  
To lift some weight with sick assay,  
And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;  
260 Then suddenly, as one defied,  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the maiden's side ! —  
And in her arms the maid she took,  
Ah well-a-day !

265 And with low voice and doleful look  
These words did say :

“ In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel !  
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,  
270 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow :

But vainly thou warrest,  
 For this is alone in  
 Thy power to declare,  
 That in the dim forest  
 125 Thou heard'st a low moaning,  
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:  
 And didst bring her home with thee in love and in  
 charity,  
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.<sup>99</sup>

### THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see  
 280 The lady Christabel, when she  
 Was praying at the old oak tree.  
 Amid the jagged shadows  
 Of mossy leafless boughs,  
 Kneeling in the moonlight,  
 135 To make her gentle vows;  
 Her slender palms together prest,  
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;  
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale —  
 Her face, oh call it fair not pale,  
 290 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,  
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me !)  
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,  
 Fearfully dreaming, yet iwis,  
 295 Dreaming that alone, which is —  
 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,  
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?  
 And lo! the worker of these harms,  
 That holds the maiden in her arms,

Seems to slumber still and mild,  
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
O Geraldine! since arms of thine  
Have been the lovely lady's prison.

O Geraldine! one hour was thine —  
Thou 'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,  
The night-birds all that hour were still.  
But now they are jubilant anew,  
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!

Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!  
And see! the lady Christabel  
Gathers herself from out her trance;  
Her limbs relax, her countenance  
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids  
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds —  
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!  
And oft the while she seems to smile  
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,  
Like a youthful hermitess,  
Beauteous in a wilderness,  
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
And, if she move unquietly,  
Perchance, 't is but the blood so free,

Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
No doubt she hath a vision sweet.  
What if her guardian spirit 't were?  
What if she knew her mother near?  
But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
That saints will aid if men will call:  
For the blue sky bends over all!

## PART II.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,  
Knells us back to a world of death.  
These words Sir Leoline first said,  
335 When he rose and found his lady dead;  
These words Sir Leoline will say,  
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,  
That still at dawn the sacristan,  
340 Who duly pulls the heavy bell,  
Five and forty beads must tell  
Between each stroke — a warning knell,  
Which not a soul can choose but hear  
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

345 Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!  
And let the drowsy sacristan  
Still count as slowly as he can!  
There is no lack of such, I ween,  
As well fill up the space between.  
350 In Langdale Pike and Witch's lair,  
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,  
With ropes of rock and bells of air  
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,  
Who all give back, one after t' other,  
355 The death-note to their living brother;  
And oft too, by the knell offended,  
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,  
The devil mocks the doleful tale  
With a merry peal from Borodale.

360 The air is still ! through mist and cloud  
That merry peal comes ringing loud ;  
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,  
And rises lightly from the bed ;  
Puts on her silken vestments white,  
365 And tricks her hair in lovely plight,  
And nothing doubting of her spell  
Awakens the lady Christabel.  
“ Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel ?  
I trust that you have rested well.”

370 And Christabel awoke and spied  
The same who lay down by her side —  
Oh rather say, the same whom she  
Raised up beneath the old oak tree !  
Nay, fairer yet ; and yet more fair !  
375 For she belike hath drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep !  
And while she spake, her looks, her air  
Such gentle thankfulness declare,  
That (so it seemed) her girded vests  
380 Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.  
“ Sure I have sinned !” said Christabel,  
“ Now heaven be praised if all be well !”  
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,  
Did she the lofty lady greet,  
385 With such perplexity of mind  
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed  
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed  
That He, who on the cross did groan,  
390 Might wash away her sins unknown,  
She forthwith led fair Geraldine  
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline,

The lovely maid and lady tall  
Are pacing both into the hall,  
395 And pacing on through page and groom,  
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest  
His gentle daughter to his breast,  
With cheerful wonder in his eyes  
400 The lady Geraldine espies,  
And gave such welcome to the same,  
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,  
And when she told her father's name,  
405 Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,  
Murmuring o'er the name again,  
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
410 And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
415 With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother;  
They parted — ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
420 To free the hollow heart from paining —  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between: —



But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 425 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,  
 Stood gazing on the damsel's face :  
 And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine  
 430 Came back upon his heart again.

Oh then the Baron forgot his age,  
 His noble heart swelled high with rage ;  
 He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,  
 He would proclaim it far and wide  
 435 With trump and solemn heraldry,  
 That they who thus had wronged the dame,  
 Were base as spotted infamy !  
 " And if they dare deny the same,  
 My herald shall appoint a week,  
 440 And let the recreant traitors seek  
 My tourney court — that there and then  
 I may dislodge their reptile souls  
 From the bodies and forms of men ! "   
 He spake : his eye in lightning rolls !  
 445 For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kenned  
 In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,  
 And fondly in his arms he took  
 Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,  
 450 Prolonging it with joyous look.  
 Which when she viewed, a vision fell

426. The lines 408–426 were once referred to by Coleridge as  
 "the best and sweetest lines I ever wrote." It has been con-  
 jectured that the poet had his interrupted friendship with Southey  
 in mind when he wrote the lines.

Upon the soul of Christabel,  
The vision of fear, the touch and pain !  
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again —  
455 (Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,  
Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see ?)  
Again she saw that bosom old,  
Again she felt that bosom cold,  
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound :  
460 Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,  
And nothing saw but his own sweet maid  
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,  
And in its stead that vision blest,  
465 Which comforted her after-rest  
While in the lady's arms she lay,  
Had put a rapture in her breast,  
And on her lips and o'er her eyes  
Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise,  
470 " What ails then my beloved child ? "  
The Baron said — His daughter mild  
Made answer, " All will yet be well ! "  
I ween, she had no power to tell  
Aught else : so mighty was the spell.

475 Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,  
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.  
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,  
As if she feared she had offended  
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid !  
480 And with such lowly tones she prayed,  
She might be sent without delay  
Home to her father's mansion.

“Nay!

Nay, by my soul!” said Leoline.

“Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine!

485 Go thou, with music sweet and loud,  
And take two steeds with trappings proud,  
And take the youth whom thou lov’st best  
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,  
And clothe you both in solemn vest,  
490 And over the mountains haste along,  
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,  
Detain you on the valley road.  
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,  
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes  
495 Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,  
And reaches soon that castle good  
Which stands and threatens Scotland’s wastes.

“Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet  
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet  
500 More loud than your horses’ echoing feet!  
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,  
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!  
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—  
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.  
505 He bids thee come without delay  
With all thy numerous array;  
And take thy lovely daughter home:  
And he will meet thee on the way  
With all his numerous array  
510 White with their panting palfreys’ foam:  
And by mine honor! I will say,  
That I repent me of the day  
When I spake words of fierce disdain  
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—

515 — For since that evil hour hath flown,  
Many a summer's sun hath shone;  
Yet ne'er found I a friend again  
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,  
520 Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing;  
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,  
His gracious hail on all bestowing! —  
"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,  
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;  
525 Yet might I gain a boon of thee,  
This day my journey should not be,  
So strange a dream hath come to me;  
That I had vowed with music loud  
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,  
530 Warned by a vision in my rest!  
For in my sleep I saw that dove,  
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,  
And call'st by thy own daughter's name —  
Sir Leoline! I saw the same  
535 Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,  
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.  
Which when I saw and when I heard,  
I wonder'd what might ail the bird;  
For nothing near it could I see,  
540 Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old  
tree.

"And in my dream methought I went  
To search out what might there be found;  
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,  
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.  
545 I went and peered, and could descry  
No cause for her distressful cry;

But yet for her dear lady's sake  
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,  
When lo ! I saw a bright green snake  
350 Coiled around its wings and neck,  
Green as the herbs on which it couched,  
Close by the dove's its head it crouched ;  
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,  
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers !  
555 I woke ; it was the midnight hour,  
The clock was echoing in the tower ;  
But though my slumber was gone by,  
This dream it would not pass away —  
It seems to live upon my eye !  
360 And thence I vowed this self-same day,  
With music strong and saintly song  
To wander through the forest bare,  
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said : the Baron, the while,  
565 Half-listening heard him with a smile ;  
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,  
His eyes made up of wonder and love ;  
And said in courtly accents fine,  
" Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,  
570 With arms more strong than harp or song,  
Thy sire and I will crush the snake ! "  
He kissed her forehead as he spake,  
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,  
Casting down her large bright eyes,  
375 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine  
She turned her from Sir Leoline ;  
Softly gathering up her train,  
That o'er her right arm fell again ;  
And folded her arms across her chest,

580 And couched her head upon her breast,  
And looked askance at Christabel —  
Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,  
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head.  
585 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,  
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,  
At Christabel she looked askance! —  
One moment — and the sight was fled!  
But Christabel in dizzy trance  
590 Stumbling on the unsteady ground  
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;  
And Geraldine again turned round,  
And like a thing that sought relief,  
Full of wonder and full of grief,  
595 She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,  
She nothing sees — no sight but one!  
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,  
600 I know not how, in fearful wise  
So deeply had she drunken in  
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
That all her features were resigned  
To this sole image in her mind;  
605 And passively did imitate  
That look of dull and treacherous hate!  
And thus she stood in dizzy trance,  
Still picturing that look askance  
With forced unconscious sympathy  
610 Full before her father's view —  
As far as such a look could be,

In eyes so innocent and blue!  
And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:  
515 Then falling at the Baron's feet,  
"By my mother's soul do I entreat  
That thou this woman send away!"  
She said: and more she could not say:  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
620 O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
Sir Leoline? Thy only child  
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
So fair, so innocent, so mild;  
625 The same, for whom thy lady died!  
Oh by the pangs of her dear mother  
Think thou no evil of thy child!  
For her, and thee, and for no other,  
She prayed the moment ere she died:  
730 Prayed that the babe for whom she died,  
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!  
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
Sir Leoline!  
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,  
635 Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain  
If thoughts, like these, had any share,  
They only swelled his rage and pain,  
And did but work confusion there.  
640 His heart was cleft with pain and rage,  
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild  
Dishonored thus in his old age;  
Dishonored by his only child,

And all his hospitality  
 645 To the insulted daughter of his friend  
 By more than woman's jealousy  
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end —  
 He rolled his eye with stern regard  
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,  
 650 And said in tones abrupt, austere —  
 "Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?  
 I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;  
 And turning from his own sweet maid,  
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,  
 655 Led forth the lady Geraldine!

#### THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A little child, a limber elf,  
 Singing, dancing to itself,  
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks,  
 That always finds, and never seeks,  
 660 Makes such a vision to the sight  
 As fills a father's eyes with light;  
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast  
 Upon his heart, that he at last  
 Must needs express his love's excess  
 665 With words of unmeant bitterness.  
 Perhaps 't is pretty to force together  
 Thoughts so all unlike each other;  
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,  
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.

656. The lines which form the conclusion appear to have been a spontaneous description of Coleridge's child Hartley Coleridge, and to have had but slight connection with the poem, though there may have been in them some subtle link with the never written conclusion.



670 Perhaps 't is tender too and pretty  
At each wild word to feel within  
A sweet recoil of love and pity.  
And what, if in a world of sin  
(O sorrow and shame should this be true !)  
675 Such giddiness of heart and brain  
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,  
So talks as it's most used to do.

## KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

### A FRAGMENT.

IN the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*:—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the sur-

face of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas: without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm  
Is broken — all that phantom-world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes —  
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
The pool becomes a mirror.<sup>1</sup>

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Ἀῖριον ἄδιον ἔστω* but the to-morrow is yet to come.

[Lamb in a letter to Wordsworth, April 26, 1816, writes: "Coleridge is printing *Christabel* by Lord Byron's recommendation to Murray, with what he calls a vision, *Kubla Khan*. which said vision he repeats so enchantingly that it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlor when he sings or says it; but there is an observation 'Never tell thy dreams,' and I am almost afraid that *Kubla Khan* is an owl that will not bear daylight. I fear lest it should be discovered by the lantern of typography and clear reducing to letters no better than nonsense or no sense."]

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

<sup>1</sup> These lines are from Coleridge's poem *The Picture; or the Lover's Resolution*.

- But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !  
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
 15 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 5 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seeth-  
 ing,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing  
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;  
 20 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
 25 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 30 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

- The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves ;  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.  
 35 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !  
 A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw :  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 40 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me,  
 Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 't would win me,  
 45 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there  
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 150 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## HYMN

## BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

IN his *Table Talk*, Coleridge makes the assertion that a visit to the battle-field of Marathon would kindle no emotion in him. He meant, no doubt, that he did not need such actual experience to arouse him, since the idea itself was sufficient. The following *Hymn* is illustrative. Coleridge never was in Chamouni, and his poem was called out by some stanzas by an obscure German poetess, Frederike Buen, who wrote *Chamouni at Sunrise*, and dedicated it to Klopstoeb, a German religious poet with whom Coleridge was acquainted. Coleridge helped himself liberally to verses in this poem, and followed its general structure, but the poem added to his converse with nature seems to have set his own imagination on fire and his version leaves the suggesting original far behind. De Quincey detected the connection between the poem which Coleridge appears not to have acknowledged, but added that Coleridge "created the dry bones of the German outline into the fullness of life." The following note was prefixed to the poem when it was published.

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the *Gentiana Major* grows in immense numbers with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !  
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
 5 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !  
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
 How silently ! Around thee and above  
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,  
 10 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity !  
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 15 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my  
 thought,  
 20 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy :  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing — there  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise  
 25 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale !  
 30 O struggling with the darkness all the night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
35 Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
40 Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered and the same forever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
45 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded, (and the silence came,)  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
50 Adown enormous ravines slope amain —  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
55 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living  
flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —  
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
60 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
 65 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

70 Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast —  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou  
 75 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
 To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,  
 80 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!  
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 85 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —  
 Both were mine! Life went a-Maying  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,

5                               When I was young!

When I was young? — Ah, woful when!

Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!

This breathing house not built with hands,

This body that does me grievous wrong,

10 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,

How lightly then it flashed along: —

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,

On winding lakes and rivers wide,

That ask no aid of sail or oar,

15 That fear no spite of wind or tide!

Nought cared this body for wind or weather

When youth and I liv'd in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;

Friendship is a sheltering tree;

20 O! the joys, that came down shower-like,

Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,

Ere I was old!

Ere I old? Ah woful Ere,

Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!

25 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,

'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,

I'll think it but a fond conceit —

It cannot be, that thou art gone!

Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd: —

30 And thou wert aye a masker bold!

What strange disguise hast now put on,

To make believe, that Thou art gone?

I see these locks in silvery slips,

This drooping gait, this altered size:

35 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,

And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!

Life is but thought: so think I will

That youth and I are house-mates still.



Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
40 But the tears of mournful eve !  
Where no hope is, life 's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old :  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
45 With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest  
That may not rudely be dismiss  
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?  
Where may the grave of that good man be? —  
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!

5 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,  
Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown. —  
The Knight's bones are dust,

10 And his good sword rust; —  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

## METRICAL FEET. LESSON FOR A BOY.

TRŌCHĒE trips frōm lōng tō shōrt;  
From long to long in solemn sort  
Slōw Spōndēe stālks; strōng fōot! yet ill able  
Ēvēr tō cōme ūp wīth Dāctŷl trīsŷllāblē.

5 Īāmbīcs mārċh frōm shōrt tō lōng ; —

Wīth ă lēāp ănd ă bōund, thē swīft Ānăpăests  
thrōng ;

One syllablē long, with one short at each side,

Āmphībrăchŷs hāstes wīth ă stātelŷ stride ; —

Fīrst ănd lāst bēīng lōng, mīddlē shōrt, Āmphīmā-  
cer

10 Strīkes hīs thūndērīng hōofs līke ă prōud hīgh-brēd  
Rācer.

If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,

And delight in the things of earth, water, and skies ;

Tender warmth at his heart, with these metres to  
show it,

With sōund sense in his brains, may make Derwent  
a poet, —

15 May crown him with fame, and must win him the  
love

Of his father on earth and his Father above.

My dear, dear child !

Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from  
its whole ridge

See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T.  
COLERIDGE.

## SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native brook ! wild streamlet of the West !

How many various-fated years have past,

What happy and what mournful hours, since last

I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,

11. The poem in an earlier form was written for Hartley Coleridge and afterward revised for Derwent.

1. It will be remembered that Coleridge's birthplace was Ottery St. Mary.

5 Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest  
 Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes  
     I never shut amid the sunny ray,  
 But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,  
     Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray,  
 10 And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,  
     Gleamed through thy bright transparence! On my  
         way,  
     Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled  
 Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:  
     Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

## ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the  
     dove,  
 The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!"  
 In the winter they're silent — the wind is so  
     strong;  
 What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.  
 5 But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm  
     weather,  
 And singing, and loving — all come back together.  
 But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
 The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
 That he sings, and he sings; and forever sings he —  
 10 "I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

# THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was a Scotchman, and some of the subjects of his verse were taken from Scottish history, but unlike his great fellow-countryman, Burns, he rarely used Scottish forms in his verse, but accepted the literary English of his day. This was due in part no doubt to the fact that from childhood he had an academic training and was a scholar in his tastes. He was the youngest of a large family of children, and was born at Glasgow, July 27, 1777 ; his father had just lost his property and his business, a misfortune which was not an unmixed evil, since it compelled the poet's early training at home and gave him more exclusively into his parents' hands than might otherwise have been the case. His older brothers and sisters went out into the world, and thus the little boy knew still more of his father's and mother's society.

As a child he was devoted to ballads and to books ; he had a genuine love of study, and was indeed so absorbed in his work that he needed to be separated from his desk for a while and turned out into nature in a spot not far from Glasgow. Here was his second teacher, and in his impressionable years he came into close sympathy with the woods and fields. When thirteen years old he was sent, after the manner of Scottish youth, to the University, and completed his course at an age when American boys now are entering. The early maturing of his mind was along the lines of literature, not of science, for literature, mathematics, and

logic were then the main academic studies. He astonished his fellows and his masters by his skill in verse, both as a translator and as a writer of original poems, and his chief interest appears to have been in Greek and Latin literature, especially the former. When he was twelve he was making poetical translations from Anacreon.

He made ventures in the pursuit both of law and of medicine while still in college, and taught as private tutor for a while, and when, in 1796, in his twentieth year, he took his college degree, he became a tutor in the family of the distinguished General Napier. His own family was an honorable one, though now much reduced in means, and from this time on Campbell easily made friends with persons of distinction in society and power. But he had entered now upon a time of struggle for a livelihood, and in order to make his way he went to Edinburgh, where he took pupils and got work from booksellers. The poetic fever was on him, and soon it was clear that this was his mastering passion. The poet Rogers had published a poem entitled *Pleasures of Memory*, and Campbell chose for his theme *The Pleasures of Hope*. The subject seized upon his young, enthusiastic spirit, and he cared little for his teaching so long as he could be composing. The poem was published when he was twenty-one years old, and brought him real distinction. What was more, it gave him confidence, and inspired him with an eager desire to write. He was a fervid patriot, and he began contemplating large poems in which Scotland's history should be commemorated. He shaped his course for this, resolving to travel and see more of the world and men. Not only was it the restless time of his own youth, but the French revolution had unhinged the world, and doors were flying open in all directions.

So Campbell had his glimpse of something beyond Glasgow and Edinburgh. He was in many turbulent scenes on the Continent, and finally came back to England just as his father died. Of his plans for great works nothing came in

the form first conceived, but his *Lochiel's Warning*, *Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, *Glenara*, and other stirring poems were thrown off, and he himself, still young, was recognized as a genuine poet. He took on himself the care of his mother and sisters, he married, and a family grew up about him. The crown gave him a pension in honor of his poetic work; he inherited a small fortune; he devised and carried out a scheme for a collection of English poetry. He interested himself in education, and was one of the founders of London University. For ten years or so he was the energetic editor of a literary magazine, and he delivered lectures on literature. Thus he led a busy life and was a figure in literary society, but the body of poetry which he contributed to English literature, though not large, was notable, and instinct with a fine, generous spirit. He died June 15, 1844, and lies buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD — LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day  
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.  
6 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and  
crown ;  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
10 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?  
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning ; no rider is there ;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
15 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !

1. Lochiel was chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and when the Stuarts in 1745 tried to recover the crown of England, and sought an alliance with the Highlanders, Lochiel, though aware of the hazard, had the loyalty which he expected from his own clan, and cast in his lot with Prince Charlie.

4. The battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746, was fatal to Charles and his Highland allies. The Duke of Cumberland led the English forces.

15. Albin is the Gaelic name for the Highlands of Scotland.

Oh weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead:  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

## LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
 20 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

## WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be  
 torn!  
 25 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the  
 north?  
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
 30 Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the  
 blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
 'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of  
 heaven.  
 35 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height.  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it  
 stood,  
 40 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing  
 brood.



## LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

45 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the  
rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
50 Clanronald the dauntless and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

## WIZARD.

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;  
55 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive  
king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
60 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my  
sight:

Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'T is finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the  
moors,

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.

50. Names of Highland chieftains.

65 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and  
 torn ?

Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;  
 70 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;  
 His death-bell is tolling : oh, mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 75 Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to  
 beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

#### LOCHIEL.

— Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
 80 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
 Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their  
 gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 85 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of  
 fame.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

## A NAVAL ODE.

## I.

YE Mariners of England!  
 That guard our native seas;  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze!  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe!  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 10 And the stormy winds do blow.

## II.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave! —  
 For the deck it was their field of fame.  
 And Ocean was their grave:  
 15 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow,

1. There was a familiar song beginning: —

“Ye gentlemen of England  
 That live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon  
 The dangers of the seas.”

This suggested Campbell's ode, written when he was on the  
 Continent, and there seemed to be imminent danger of war be-  
 tween England and Russia.

While the battle rages loud and long,  
20 And the stormy winds do blow.

## III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
25 With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below, —  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow:  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
30 And the stormy winds do blow.

## IV.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
35 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
40 And the storm has ceased to blow.

22. At this time the southeastern and southern coasts of England were being fortified with martello towers against possible foreign invasion.

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

## I.

OF Nelson and the North,  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 5 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determined hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

## II.

10 Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line:  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
 15 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death;  
 And the boldest held his breath,  
 For a time.

1. There had been great uneasiness in northern waters owing to what was known as the Armed Neutrality, in which Russia, Denmark, and Sweden attempted to maintain a position which seriously crippled England in her contest with France. It was assumed by England that the alliance was really in the interest of France, and a fleet was sent to the Baltic, under Sir Hyde Parker. Nelson, however, who was second in command, was the real attacking officer, and indeed refused to obey Sir Hyde Parker's orders at one point, and won a decisive victory.

14. The battle began at ten o'clock, April 2, 1801.

## III.

But the might of England flush'd  
 20 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleeter rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 "Hearts of oak !" our captain cried ; when each gun  
 From its adamant lips  
 25 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse.  
 Of the sun.

## IV.

Again ! again ! again !  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 30 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back ; —  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom : —  
 Then ceased — and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shatter'd sail ;  
 35 Or, in conflagration pale.  
 Light the gloom.

## V.

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;  
 "Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
 40 And we conquer but to save : —  
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 45 To our King."

39. These are words from a letter of Nelson's at the time.

## VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose ;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
50 As death withdrew his shades from the day,  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

## VII.

55 Now joy, Old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
60 Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !

## VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
65 Once so faithful and so true ;  
On the deck of fame that died ; —  
With the gallant good Riou ;  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
70 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave'.

67. Riou was one of Nelson's captains.

## HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

5 But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
10 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
15 And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
20 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

1. The battle of Hohenlinden was fought December 2, 1800. The Austrian troops were defeated by the French, and as a result the Rhine was made the border of France.



Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

25 The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
30 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

## GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and  
wail?

'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;  
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

1. This poem, written in the year 1797, at the age of nineteen, was suggested by the following tradition: "Maclean, of Duart, having determined to get rid of his wife, 'Ellen of Lorn,' had her treacherously conveyed to a rock in the sea, where she was left to perish by the rising tide. He then announced to her kinsmen 'his sudden bereavement,' and exhorted them to join in his grief. In the mean time the lady was accidentally rescued from the certain death that awaited her, and restored to her father. Her husband, little suspecting what had happened, was suffered to go through the solemn mockery of a funeral. At last, when the bier rested at the 'gray stone of her cairn,' on examination of the coffin by her kinsmen, it was found to contain stones, rubbish, etc., whereupon Maclean was instantly sacrificed by the Clan Dougal and thrown into the ready-made grave."

5 Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;  
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;  
They march'd all in silence, — they look'd on the  
ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
10 To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and  
hoar :

“ Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn :  
Why speak ye no word ! ” — said Glenara the stern.

“ And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your  
brows ? ”

15 So spake the rude chieftain : — no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

“ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and  
loud :

“ And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem :  
20 Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

Oh, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was  
seen ;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in  
scorn,

’T was the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of  
Lorn :

25 “ I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief :

On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem :  
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
 30 And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;  
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—  
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

## EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;  
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repair-  
 ing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :  
 5 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean  
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger ;  
 10 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 A home and a country remain not to me.

1. "While tarrying at Hamburg, I made acquaintance with some of the refugee Irishmen who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among these was Anthony MacCann, an honest, excellent man, who is still, I believe, alive, at least I left him in prosperous circumstances at Altoona a few years ago. [MacCann is since dead ; Campbell and he met last in the autumn of 1825.] When I first knew him he was in a situation much the reverse ; but Anthony commanded respect, whether he was rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote the 'Exile of Erin.'" . . . T. C.

Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet  
hours,  
15 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
20 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
more!  
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace — where no perils can chase  
me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
They died to defend me or live to deplore!

25 Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood?  
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that look'd on my child-  
hood;  
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?  
Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,  
30 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without meas-  
ure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;  
35 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion, —

Erin mavournin, — Erin go bragh!

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry." —

5 "Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter, —

"And fast before her father's men  
10 Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
15 Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —  
It is not for your silver bright;  
20 But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry:

40. I            my darling, Ireland for ever.

So though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

25 By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
30 And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armèd men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
35 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her, —  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
40 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

5 For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover: —  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
50 "Across this stormy water:

And I 'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! — oh, my daughter!" —

'T was vain: — the loud waves lash'd the shore  
Return or aid preventing: —  
55 The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

## THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was  
nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;  
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

6 When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to  
part,  
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)  
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away:  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,  
10 And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;  
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless  
away,  
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so  
cold,  
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,  
15 How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,  
And he lick'd me for kindness — my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his  
     case,  
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;  
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,  
 And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?  
 Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?  
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,  
 I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

### ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery mantled sun  
 His heavenly race began to run ;  
 Round the earth and ocean blue,  
 His children four the Seasons flew.  
 First, in green apparel dancing,  
     The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;  
 Rosy Summer next advancing,  
     Rush'd into her sire's embrace : —  
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep  
 Forever nearest to his smiles,  
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,  
     On India's citron-covered isles :  
 More remote and buxom-brown,  
     The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;  
 A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,  
     A ripe sheaf bound her zone.  
 But howling Winter fled afar,  
 To hills that prop the polar star,  
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride  
 With barren Darkness by his side,



Round the shore where loud Lofoden  
 Whirls to death the roaring whale,  
 Round the hall where Runic Odin  
 Howls his war-song to the gale ;  
 25 Save when adown the ravaged globe  
 He travels on his native storm,  
 Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,  
 And trampling on her faded form : —  
 Till light's returning lord assume  
 30 The shaft' that drives him to his polar field,  
 Of power to pierce his raven plume  
 And crystal-cover'd shield.  
 Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage ear  
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,  
 35 When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye  
 Implores thy dreadful deity,  
 Archangel ! power of desolation !  
 Fast descending as thou art,  
 Say, hath mortal invocation  
 40 Spells to touch thy stony heart ?  
 Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,  
 And gently rule the ruin'd year ;  
 Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare.  
 Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ; —  
 45 To shuddering Want's unmantled bed  
 Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,  
 And gently on the orphan head  
 Of innocence descend. —  
 But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !  
 50 The sailor on his airy shrouds ;  
 When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,  
 And spectres walk along the deep.  
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
 Pour on yonder tented shores,

55 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,  
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.  
Oh, winds of Winter ! list ye there  
To many a deep and dying groan ;  
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,  
60 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.  
Alas ! ev'n your unhallow'd breath  
May spare the victim fallen low ;  
But man will ask no truce to death, —  
No bounds to human woe.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL STUDY OF "THE RÍME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is one of the most notable productions in the romantic movement at the close of the eighteenth century. One phase of this movement expressed itself in a revival of interest in the ancient ballads and in an imitation of their metrical form. The imaginative taste of the age was especially drawn toward picturesque and romantic themes. In its extreme expression it reveled in ghostly subjects and appealed to the universal interest in the weird and supernatural. Coleridge's poem, however, while finding its natural setting in such a literary atmosphere, is so distinguished by its own peculiar qualities that it stands unique even in the class of poems which it illustrates. The student would do well to read other specimens of these compositions both ancient and modern. Refer to some standard collection such as Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* and Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, or Gummere's briefer selection of *Old English Ballads*. The ballads of *Sir Andrew Barton*, *Brown Robin*, and *Sir Patrick Spens* are associated with the sea. Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus*, his *Skeleton in Armor*, and his *Discoverer of the North Cape* may be read in this connection.

Pages 9, 10, and 11 of the introduction should be studied with reference to the origin of Coleridge's poem, its use of the albatross as an important element in the story, and the comment made to Mrs. Barbauld with reference to the moral of the work. The following additional statement, quoted from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, is very suggestive : —

Immediate  
Inspiration  
of the  
Poem.

"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life.

"In this idea originated the plan of the Lyrical Ballads,<sup>1</sup> in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith."

**The Poem.** Having read some of the older ballads as suggested, it will not be difficult to recognize their qualities in the *Rime*. Some of these resemblances in tone and form should be indicated. What comparison may be made in the matter of rhythm and accent — in the spelling of words and the use of ancient, perhaps obsolete, words? The glosses in the margin, added some time after the completion of the poem, are also an imitation of the older style. These should always be read; they form an integral part of the work.

**Part I.** The seven parts of the poem are natural divisions in the movement of the narrative. Determine the specific subject of each as read. Note the simplicity and

<sup>1</sup> This was the title of the volume issued in 1798 which contained Wordsworth's first published poems of note, including *Simon Lee*, *The Old Cumberland Beggar*, *Peter Bell*, and *The Idiot Boy*, together with *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in its earliest form.

directness with which the poem begins. The manner of this introduction has been likened to the beginning of a dream: what other suggestions of this dream idea are noted in the later stages of the narrative? Would the effect have been more impressive if the description of the Mariner's appearance had been direct instead of indirect, as in lines 3 and 11? What features of his appearance are brought out by direct description? How is the general weirdness of his presence indicated? Note the uncanny influence of the Mariner over the Wedding-Guest: look for an explanation of this influence in the last part of the poem, also for a possible suggestion as to the appropriateness of his selecting this particular person to listen to his tale. Note the contrast suggested here and there between the joy and gayety of the wedding and the sombreness of this recital: is this effect accidental?

Separate the narrative of the voyage from the incidental narrative and the interruptions: study the description of the storm (41-50), the progress through fog and ice (51-70), the advent of the albatross (63-66), and above all the abrupt and startling climax in the closing stanza. Indicate points in the recital which give power to these details. The quality of a poem is largely dependent upon its imagery — the pictures suggested to the imagination through figures of speech: consider one by one the images in the six stanzas on page 14. Point out such words and phrases in Part I. as you find particularly suggestive and impressive.

In what direction is the ship now sailing? Compare the first stanza with the seventh in Part II.; the second stanza with the one above (71-74). Such parallelism is frequent in the poem: what is the rhetorical effect? Note the same correspondence in arrangement and phrase in the two stanzas which follow on page 16. Study the wonderful description of this "silent sea" into which the mariners so suddenly burst. Where upon the globe does it lie, presumably? How is the silence emphasized,

Part II.

## 100 SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL STUDY OF

the heat, the dreariness and discomfort of it? Lines 115-122 are familiar through frequent quotation: what gives them this distinction? Note the suggestion of supernatural influences mingling with the natural horrors of the situation, and the growing importance of the crime and its results.

**Part III.** This section of the poem is mainly occupied with

the description of the spectral ship and her ghostly crew. Note how effectively the approach of the ship is described. What are the points of strength in lines 157-166? Note the description of sunset (171-180), and compare with that of the sunrise (97, 98). When does the supernatural character of the ship become apparent? In the description of the Night-mare Life-in-Death, point out the appropriate features. Study closely lines 199-202; note the suggestion of rapid motion in each verse. The sudden fall of night intensifies the horror of the climax. Of what importance to the narrative are lines 214, 215? Note that the other *parts* of the poem end with the mention of the albatross or a direct allusion to the crime: would this indicate that line 223 refers to that particular use of the bow? Compare lines 81, 82

**Part IV.** What is the general theme of this section? How

does the experience here recounted exemplify the idea of life-in-death? How is the moral condition of the mariner suggested? What moral development is noted? Of what force in the narrative is line 284? Study especially the descriptive passages and consider what elements make them effective.

**Part V.** Notice the immediate change in the tone of the

poem. Why this blessing on sleep? Why the dream (compare 157-166, and 119-122)? What is the force of 307, 308 (compare 262)? Following the rain comes the wind: compare 115-118. Compare line 314 with 128-130: what may we understand by these verses? Note the comparisons in 319, 324, 325, and their effect. What is implied in the statement (327)? In this weird picture of

the rising of the dead to work the ship, note the singular effectiveness of 341-344. What is the effect upon the reader of these repeated interruptions by the wedding-guest? Are they appropriate to the narrative? What is the significance of those gentler, more melodious stanzas occurring here (350-372)? How does line 395 suggest the return of life-in-life? Note the recurrence to the crime and the added significance of 404. What stage of experience has been reached by the Mariner? Why does the spirit say

“And penance more *will* do”?

The Mariner, in a trance (392-397), continues to hear the voices; while the ship is driven on with supernatural force and speed. Compare the gloss. What is meant by the *eye* (416)? What natural force does the moon exert upon the sea? Describe the further penance of the Mariner and its results. Compare the expression of loneliness (446-451) with that in lines 232-235. What peculiar effects follow the actual coming of the breeze (452-463)? Is there any special significance in the phrase “dream of joy” (464)? Compare the description of the harbor landmarks with the earlier mention (21-24). Point out the alliteration and note effect of vowels and consonants (476-483). Find other striking examples of this vocal effect elsewhere in the poem. Compare 490, 491 with the third stanza given in the footnote, and then with line 494. Why is it especially appropriate to introduce the hermit (509) as the one to bring comfort to the Mariner? Note this final mention of the *albatross* (513).

What are the lights referred to in line 525? Compare 528 with 501. Notice the description (533-537). Why does the Mariner remain silent (543)? What appropriateness is there in this disposal of the ship (545-549). Note the effect of the Mariner's appearance upon the men (560-569). What is the significance of his first utterance (574)? How does his penance still continue?

Part VI.

Part VII.

Consider the appropriateness of the word *wrenched* (578). What other words have you noted in this poem which are introduced with the same felicity? What bearing does the statement (578-585) have upon the entire narrative of the Mariner? Compare 586-590 with the ancient tradition concerning the Wandering Jew. Again (598-600) is the loneliness of the Mariner emphasized: is it possible that the poet intends thus to portray the awful isolation of one who does not or will not love his fellow creatures? What is the significance of the word *together* (603, 605, 606)? In connection with lines 610-617 compare the gloss, and read the poet's comment to Mrs. Barbauld (page 11). Note the sudden disappearance of the Mariner (618-620), and the retreat of the Guest. Does the concluding statement (622-625) throw any light upon the Mariner's choice of his auditor? Compare 588, 589. What are some of the qualities that mark the narrative as a whole? Can you point out any superfluous details or any unessential word? In your own reading of the poem do you feel that Coleridge has realized the purpose stated in the paragraph quoted (p. 98).

Further reading upon the significance of the romantic movement in English poetry and the relation of Coleridge to that movement is strongly recommended. Any of the recent standard histories of English literature will furnish material.













